(No. XVIII.)

THE PASTIME.

Schenectady, Saturday, August 1, 1807.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Pastime.

ANNIVERSARY OF COMMENCEMENT, JULY 29, 1807.

The tenth Commencement of Union College was celebrated on Wednesday, the 29th ult. with unusual dignity, order, and cheerfulness.

At nine o'clock, a procession of the Officers and Students of College, with the Band, formed on the mound, and waited upon the President and Trustees, at the City-Hall.

The procession having returned to College, the exercises succeeded in the following order:

Prayer.

Distribution of Bills, and Music.

Latin Salutatory, by Thomas E. Clark.

Clyosophic Oration, by T. D. R. Beck.

Intermediate Oration, on the importance of morals to civil government, by Thomas Boyd.

Intermediate Oration, on the study of the Mathematics, by N. M. V. Vranken.

Music.

Dispute concerning the Profession of the Law, T. D. R. Beck & S. Lush, jun.

Conference on the Dead Languages, T. Boyd, W. I. Dodge, and D. L. Van Der Heyden.

Music.

The Oration on Jurisprudence, by Stephen Lush, jun.

Intermediate Oration on Eloquence, by P. S. Wynkoop.

Eulogy on Hamilton, by W. I. Dodge.

The audience were here dismissed; and returning in the afternoon, the performances were resumed:

English Salutatory, on Music, by D. L. Van Der Heyden.

Dialogue on the folly of Duelling, entitled "The Female Student," by P. S. Wynkoop, A. Empie, S. Lush, jun. T. Boyd, T. E. Clark, & N. M. Van Vranken.

Music.

Candidates for the Master's degree.

- Oration on the Influence of Science on Religion, by Wm. M'Murray.
- Oration on the Present State of Europe, by T. Van Vechten, Esq.
- Oration on Self Knowledge, by P. Van Vechten.

Music.

Degrees conferred.

Anniversary of Commencement.

THE BACCALAUREATE, ON

D. R. Beck,
Thomas Boyd,
Thomas E. Clark,
William I. Dodge,
Adam Empie,
John Kirby,
Stephen Lush, jun.
Nicholas M. Van Vranken,
Dirck L. Van Der Heyden,
Peter S. Wynkoop,

William Radcliff.

THE MASTER's DEGREE, ON

A. N. Kittle,
D. Livingston,
D. C. Lansing,
W. M'Murray,
H. Peek,
S. N. Rowan,
P. Van Beuren,
P. Van Vechten,

Teunis Van Vechten.

The President's Charge.
The Valedictory, by Adam Empie.
Prayer, and Blessing.

The young gentlemen were generally distinguished for the gracefulness of their gesture, the dignity of their demeanour, and the unembarrassed style of their eloquence. Very few, if any, instances of verbal inaccuracy were observed. We publickly return our thanks, and the thanks of a numerous, polite and fashionable auditory, to the speakers, for the care with which they committed their parts. This is done from a recollection of what we some time since suffered for the luckless youth whose memories failed them in the midst of some very entertaining addresses.

In certain instances we noticed a redundancy of gesture; and an unfortunate trick which some have acquired of rising on the toe, and as it were, dancing about the stage. These are graceless movements, and certainly unnatural. The want of one standard of pronunciation was also observed. Many of the speakers varied their pronunciation of similar words: and few among them were ruled by any definite model.

Yet, in general, the exercises of the day reflected the highest honour, not only on the young gentlemen, but on the seminary, and its Directors, where and by whom their powers have been cultivated, and their abilities strengthened and matured. In this remark, we speak not our own sentiments alone, but that of ladies and gentlemen of taste, judgment, and cultivation, who lavished praises on the performances, and complimented those who took part in them. Perhaps no stronger argument can be alledged in favour of that system of seclusion and rational restraint, for which this seminary has acquired such dignified celebrity, than the remarkable and flattering change which has taken place, since that system has been put in force. In a very affecting manner some of the graduates alluded to the advantages they had enjoyed, and expressed their satisfaction that they had never thrown off the yoke of salutary restraint, however it might have galled them when opposed to the indulgence of destructive pleasures, and unreasonable propensities.

President's Charge.

In the evening, a brilliant and fashionable assembly of ladies, attended the Commencement Ball at Rodgers's. The utmost order, and innocent joy, pervaded the exercises of the day and evening. But one thing damped the enjoyments of the ball room; the dustiness of the floor, which when danced on, sent forth a mist thro' which it was hardly possible to distinguish the myriads of lovely faces that were present. Out of respect to the sufferings of the ladies, and the vexation of the gentlemen, we hope Mr. Rodgers will exile all the dust from his ball room, before the next anniversary of commencement.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHARGE.

The President's impressive and affectionate Charge, was delivered in that touching, dignified, and manly style, which distinguish his writings, and exalt his eloquence. Considering "the temper of the times," he dwelt most emphatically, and in a firm and persuasive tone, on the unchristian and cowardly character of that honour, whose stains are washed away by blood, and whose injuries repelled by murder; savage, fiend-like murder. When the melancholy topicks which have saddened and agitated the minds of our countrymen for some time past, are called to mind, every good and wise man will rejoice to see talents like Dr. Nott's employed to assail and lash such daring and impious crimes "naked thro' the world;" crimes committed in defiance to laws human and divine, and before the awful majesty of offended Heaven!

By the politeness of the members of the late senior class, we are enabled to avail ourselves of the copy of Doctor Nott's Charge, which by their solicitation he yielded for the press. If our extracts have been copious, they are much less so than we could wish: and we regret that our readers cannot enjoy, sooner than the work can be published at large, the pleasure which we have received from perusing and reperusing this eloquent address.

"It is not possible," says the President, "in the few moments alotted to this address to develope, or even hint at all those doctrines of faith, which demand your attention. Nor should I feel as if I had discharged the sacred duty which I owed you, had I left these to a hasty and meagre discussion in this place, and on this occasion. To furnish you with a complete summary of practical duty is also impossible. A glance only at a topick or two, is all that will be attempted. The real friend adapts his admonitions to the dangers which threaten, and shapes his cautions to the spirit of the times—the spirit of the times is a spirit of mutual injury, recrimination and revenge. In such an age, to hope to pass thro' life unassailed is vain. The only question is, therefore, how you are to sustain the assault; how treat the assailant?

President's Charge.

"Were the world to utter its voice in this place, it would tell you 'to be ever vigilant to discover causes of offence, quick in repelling and inexorable in revenging to the uttermost the slightest attack upon your person or your honour.' The gospel, however, adopts a different counsel, and in the bland accents of its author, inculcates forbearance and forgiveness.

"The crimes and miseries resulting from revenge, have been witnessd in every country, and regretted in every age. Philosophy in attempting to regulate, hath increased the evil. Christianity alone directs her weapons at its root, and aims at preventing the effects, by exterminating the principle."

After considering whether Revenge, is justifiable in a moral and religious view, the President proceeds:

"Far be it from me to wish to extinguish in your bosoms the genuine principles of honour. These spring up from the very seat of virtue, and where these are not, greatness disappears; probity, integrity, and valour, are no more. Rather let me inculcate high notions of personal character; let me foster a lofty sense of individual dignity, and adjure you scrupulously to avoid whatever would tend to stain the one or degrade the other: but let me tell you that it is but a sorry honour which requires to be established by a bludgeon, or vindicated by a shot.

"Personal bravery is commendable. You live not for yourselves, but for your friends, your country, your God. In a good cause you ought not to regard even life itself. On great occasions, and when the voice of public justice calls you, face danger, tread with undaunted step the field of death, covet the place of desolation, press your bosoms on the bayonets of your enemies, and be "prodigal of your blood." But in your own individual cause, in the little pitiful neglects and insults which may be offered you, be too great to feel them, too magnanimous to resent them.

"Shall you then desert your honour? No! defend it—scrupulously defend it. How? By good life: by an uniform course of probity, integrity, and valour. Whenever you are accused, you will either be guilty or not. If guilty, an exchange of shots cannot expiate that guilt: If you are not guilty, the liars tongue cannot make you so.

"What a magnanimous spectacle do those appellants, in cases of personal controversy, to the chancery of fire arms, furnish to the world! Not the battle of the windmills was half so bombastically magnificent!

"But to this belittling farce, there is appended a close, which stifles irony, and from which humanity turns away with horrour. Suddenly the scene changes into the tragick pomp of death. The mania of passion subsides. The *etiquette* of honour is laid aside; the stream of life flowing from the wounded heart, quenches the fire of vengeance, and swallows up the injuries which produced a catastrophe so awful. Conscience now awakes: the fictitious drapery which custom had flung around the rash adventurer, falls off and the fell assassin stands, naked and aghast, over the expiring

victim of his anger, a witness of that blood which issuing forth attaches to his person the stain of murder, and lifts from the steeped earth its accusing voice to the God of life. With the emotions of Cain imbrued in his brother's blood, he goes back into the world from the field of death. Here his eye meets the frantick stare of the wife, whom his wrath has made a widow. The plaints of her hapless children whom he has doomed to perpetual orphanage, sigh upon the breeze, and linger on his ear! Whilst a distracted father shakes his grey locks, and utters from his quivering lips the deep toned execration on the wretch who has felled at a blow his hopes, and consigned to the grave, his son!

"From these sad objects he tears himself.—But, as if the tomb refused to repose the dust consigned to it by violence, the form of his fallen adversary pursues him. He hears, amidst the silence of the midnight hour, a groan, and sees blood issuing from the wound which in his wrath he opened.

"And for what is this rash act indulged which drags in its train such accumulated horrour! For an unguarded word—a turn of wit—the omission of a nod—or, perhaps, the fighting of a spaniel! Great God! and is this the boasted magnanimity of duellists? Sooner may my joints indurate in their sockets, or mine arm fall from my shoulder blade, than be raised in such an action."

We pass over other passages of this eloquent address to transcribe the following:

"It is not the prostration of an enemy, but the forgiveness of him, that evinces a divine filiation, and conducts to the noblest victory. Not perhaps the noblest in the estimation of partial friends, who, irritated by insult, wish to see you thrash an adversary—not in the estimation of men of honour, who account it magnanimous to avenge an injury. But are these the real judges of greatness? Or, are you influenced by the multitude? Whom do you call the multitude? The pigmies of a pigmean world who surround you, or the principalities, and powers, and thrones, and dominions, and all those nameless orders of perfect beings, who throng the heavens, and fill the universe of God! Behold the Thousands of Thousands who minister unto him, and the Ten Thousand times Ten Thousand, who stand before him! In the estimation of these just appraisers of things, which think you is deemed more Godlike—to forgive an injury, or to avenge it? Seeing, therefore, you are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses, lay aside all malice, and that wrath that will so easily beset you; and on this article, as every other, look with steady eye, to Jesus Christ, the author, and finisher of your faith. Had he—(pardon, exalted mediator, pattern of perfection, this derogatory supposition, made with reverential awe, and to exalt thy clemency!)—Had he engaged in a single duel, or partaken in one revengeful contest——but he did not. Whatever is endearing in goodness, or touching in mercy collected in one assemblage, forms his character. A character on which arrogance has not cast a shade, or envy fixed a stain. A character,

splendid with virtues which render poverty venerable, and humility august. That great exemplar of righteousness, the purity of whose life baffled the scrutiny of malice, and compelled that blood-stained wretch who often sported with the rights of innocence, to exclaim, "I find no fault in this man." How did HE meet injuries, and what was HIS demeanour towards his enemies?

"Mark his entrance into Jerusalem, that city, blackened by crime, and steeped in the blood of martyrs. From the Mount of Olives it opened to his view. At this sad sight he wept. Wept, not over friends, but enemies—enemies who had rejected, vilified, persecuted, him—and who were still waiting, with fiend-like impatience, to wreak their vengeance on his person, and quench their malice in his blood. Nor is this a solitary instance of benignity. Trace his paths from Bethlehem to Calvary, and you will find him every where meek, humble, long suffering. Surrounded by adversaries and called to meet calumny, and even persecution, he supported his matchless clemency to the end, and left the world, GOOD ABOVE CONCEPTION, GREAT BEYOND COMPARISON.

"From the toils and trials of a distressing but perfect life, follow this illustrious personage to the place of death. Approach his cross, and fix your attention on the prodigies which signalise his sufferings, and stamp divinity on his martyrdom!—Think not that I allude to the terrifick drapery which in that dread hour was flung around the great theatre of nature. No; 'tis not the darkened sun, the bursting tombs, the quaking mountains, or the trembling world that I allude to! These, indeed, are prodigies; but these vanish before the still greater prodigies of meekness, humility, and sin forgiving goodness, displayed in the dying Saviour.—When I behold him amidst the last agonies of dissolving nature, raising his dying hands to heaven, and forgetful of himself, interceding with the God of Mercy, with his last breath, and from his very cross, in behalf of those wretches whose insatiate malice had fixed him there; then it is that the evidence of his claims rises to demonstration, and I feel the resistless force of that impassioned exclamation which burst from the lips of Infidelity itself—'IF SOCRATES DIED AS A PHILOSOPHER, JESUS CHRIST DIED AS A GOD!'"

ANNIVERSARY OF THE ADELPHIC SOCIETY.

This respectable literary association celebrated its anniversary on the evening preceding commencement, in a style unusually splendid, and novel: and they were honoured with a brilliant and fashionable auditory.

Mr. Van Der Heyden opened the exercises of the evening, with an elegant Oration on the Mischiefs of Delay. Mr. Lush followed him, with another, bold and vivid, on the Pleasures of the Imagination; and Messrs. Barnes and H. Warner, delivered Poems, one before, and one after a Play, written by Mr. T. T. Warner, expressly for the occasion. Of the story of this play we

should have given a sketch: but the press of matter compels us to pospone it until the next session.

The composition of a perfect play, next to that of an epic poem, has been accounted one of the noblest efforts of human genius. It calls for a mind, matured by observation and experience; a fancy, capable of imagining the most touching situations; a judgment, severely to discriminate between faults and excellencies; and a pen withal, to catch with the rapidity of lightning the frenzy of passion, and to suit it to its own occasion, either in melting the soul to pity, or swelling it to rage.

When to accomplish these objects eminent and professed dramatists have sometimes failed, to have met with such general and hearty approbation, must have been very grateful to the feelings of the author.

We do not mean to assume the thankless, and, too often, invidious task, of criticising the merits of the performance. There are few plays which will, in every particular, bear the test of rigid scrutiny. This, it will be recollected, is a maiden effort, written under many disadvantages; disadvantages, arising from a want of time, in the first instance, to frame it; and of opportunity, afterwards, to revise and amend.

Besides, it is our maxim, "ubi plura nitent, non ego paucis offendar maculis," and we apply it in this instance as highly honourable to the author. Were any objection to be made, it should be to the plot. The story is neither natural, nor is its developement sufficiently gradual.

Of the acting, we shall say, in general terms, that it did great credit to the performers.

The illumination in the evening was remarkably splendid; and the musick from the top of the College Edifice, by the Band, awakened emotions solemn and sublime, and spread a kind of enchantment around the scene.

POETRY.

SONNETS ON THE DEATH OF A MOTHER.

BY CHARLES LLOYD.

[Concluded.]

SONNET VII.

When from my dreary home I first mov'd on,
After my friend was in her grave clothes laid,
A dim despondence on my spirit prest,
As all my pleasant days were come and gone!
Strange whispers parted from th' entombing clay
The thin air murmered, each dumb object spake,
Bidding my overwhelmed bosom ache:
Oft did I look to Heaven, but could not pray!
"How shall I leave thee, quiet scene?" said I,
"How shall I leave the passing breeze that loves to sweep

"The holy sod where my due footsteps creep?
"The passing breeze?" 'Twas she—the friend pass'd by!
But the time came; the passing breeze I left:
"Farewell!" I sigh'd and seem'd of all bereft!

SONNET VIII.

Oh! she was almost speechless! nor could hold
Awak'ning converse with me! (I shall bless
No more the modulated tenderness
Of that dear voice.) Alas! 'twas shrunk and cold
Her honour'd face! yet when I sought to speak,
Through her half open'd eye-lids she did send
Faint looks, that said, "I would be yet thy friend!"
And (O! my choak'd breast—) e'en on that faded cheek,
I saw one slow tear roll! my hand the torch,
Placing it on her heart—I heard her sigh,
"'Tis too, too much!" 'Twas love's last agony!
I tore me from her—'twas her latest look—
Her latest accent!—Oh! my heart retain
That look—those accents, till we meet again!

SONNET IX.

As o'er the dying embers of't I cower,
Where my tir'd spirit's rest, and my heart swells,
Lull'd by domestic quiet, mem'ry dwells
On that blest tide, when thou the passing hour
Did'st gladden: while upon th' accustom'd chair
I look—it seems as if thou still wert there!
Kintled in snowy apron, thy dear knees
Prop'd on the fender'd hearth, my fancy sees,
O'er which exchanging souls we wont to bend,
And, as I lift my head, thy features send
A cheering smile to me—but, in its flight
O'er my rain pelted sash, a blast of night
Sweeps surlily—I start—and fain would creep
To the bleak dwelling where thy cold limbs sleep!

TO OUR PATRONS,

We beg leave to offer acknowledgements for their aid during this second term of our publication. We have hitherto avoided promises, and we shall still do it. The declarations of correspondents are seldom to be confided in; for punctuality and genius are not allied. We will not therefore bind ourselves to what we know not that we shall be able to perform. We venture to hope that we shall commence our next campaign with better forces; forces which will not shrink from scrutiny, or skulk from the terrifying artillery of criticism. Our literary friends are requested, at the same time, to recollect, that a General, however brave, can do nothing without a well disciplined army: and we call upon them to advance their quota to form the phalanx.

Printers, exchanging with the Pastime, are desired to continue their papers during the vacation of College, until the work shall recommence, which will be about the middle of September.

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